

The New Right Brigade

John Terry Dolan's NCPAC Targets Liberals And the Federal Election Commission

By Myra MacPherson

GROUPS LIKE ours are potentially very dangerous to the political process. We could be a menace, yes. Ten independent expenditure groups, for example, could amass this great amount of money and defeat the point of accountability in politics. We could say whatever we want about an opponent of a Senator Smith and the senator wouldn't have to say anything. A group like ours could lie through its teeth and the candidate it helps stays clean."

So speaks John Terry Dolan, 29, one of the foremost leaders of the New Right. A collection of far right groups, they have become a phenomenon in this election year. They are the "independent expenditures" brigade. They have been denounced by liberals and some mainstream conservatives alike. Dolan is chairman of the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC). It is, according to preliminary Federal Election Commission reports from January 1979 until this June, the leader of all PACs in gross receipts—over \$4 million. "We're bugging the hell out of them," says Dolan, with a self-satisfied grin.

A short, slim, mustachioed young man, Dolan proudly shows off his suite of offices in Arlington, where he creates his "attack" ads, brochures and fund-raising pleas, collecting and spending thousands a month. NCPAC is active on two fronts. (1) Targeting six liberal Democratic senators—Frank Church, George McGovern, Alan Cranston, John Culver, Birch Bayh and Thomas Eagleton—spending almost \$700,000 on predominately negative advertising. (2) It is one of five committees dedicated to raising millions in support of Reagan's candidacy.

Dolan goes after his opponents with the ferocity of an enraged terrier; senators hit by his ads howl that they are spurious, distorting, often inaccurate, and that there is at very least a tacit acceptance of Dolan's function by some of their opponents. Let them howl, says Dolan. For Dolan is not only finding loopholes in the Federal Election Reform law, he is taunting the FEC, the lawmakers and everyone else. "It's a stupid law. They're gonna take me kicking and screaming to jail before I stop my activities. Look," says Dolan, punching out his sentences in fast bursts, revealing his true intention in a repeated battle cry, "we're saying 'come and get us.' That law should go."

Dolan's theories often have an interesting simplicity to them. Take government management, for instance. He scathingly says Reagan does not go far enough with proposed budget and tax cuts. The federal budget, under Dolan, would be doled out this way: "99 percent for Defense—keep America strong—and 1 percent on delivering the mail. That's it. Leave us alone."

Critics of the New Right decry what they perceive as a no-compromise, no-accommodation stance. Liberal George McGovern calls them members of the new right, "angry and intolerant, equally incapable of believing that they can be mistaken or that those with whom they disagree might have honorable intentions. They call themselves 'conservative' but their zealotry, self-

See DOLAN, F2, Col. 1



Keeping a Cool Head Under Straw Hats

By Nina S. Hyde

MANY WASHINGTONIANS are keeping their cool under straw hats this summer. And they are not alone. Men and women all over the country are snapping up cowboy styles, boaters and bowlers, panamas and padres, big brims and small, in straw and other media. It's good news to hatmakers and retailers who find their only headache in the fact that straw and other materials in short supply have made hats more expensive.

Burt Champion, of the Millinery Institute of America, pegs the big boost in hat wearing to the end of fancy women's hairdos and the availability of Chinese straws for the American market. The hats got simpler and more wearable at the same time, too, he says.

"Hats are selling well not only because they look good," says Marta (Chi Chi) Labarraque of Woodward & Lothrop, "but because people are far more aware of staying out of the sun as a good health measure. Now hats are utilitarian as well as fashionable."

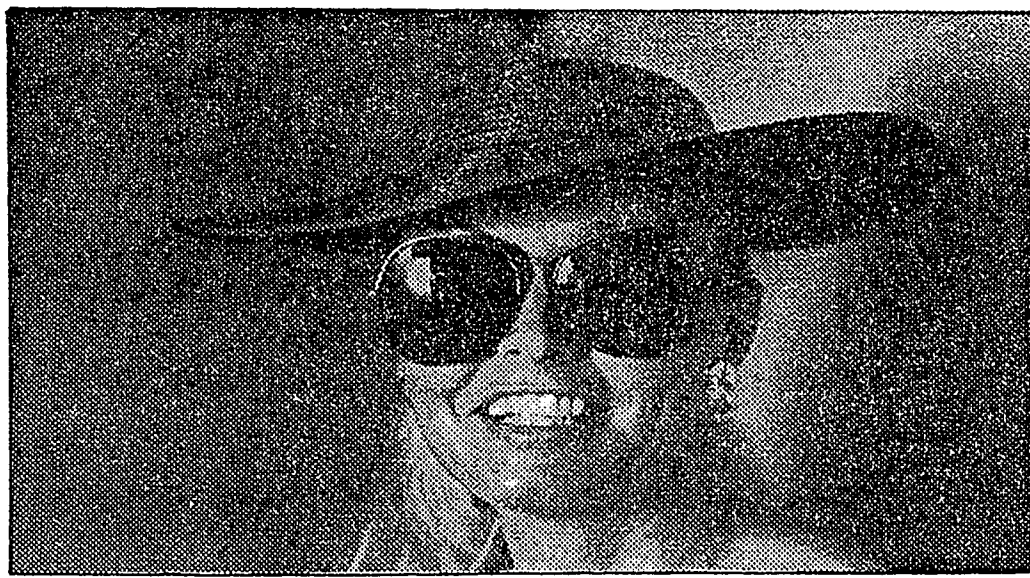
Helga Orfila, wife of the secretary general of the Organization of American

States, likes the practical aspect of keeping the sun off her face. "But it also lets me wear a more simple hairstyle under the hat," she said.

Unlike the last big hat wearing period of the 1940s, hats for all seasons are no longer so rigid. Many of the big successes, even in straw, are flexible enough to be worn brim up and down, decorated or not, and sometimes even rolled up and stuffed in a bag. According to Joe Grassi, mens hat buyer for Raleighs, women are buying a number of the hats the stores have for men. "We sell many of our hats in small sizes, obviously to women," says Grassi, who believes that women tend to individualize their styles by adding different color ribbons.

"If you want to make a fortune, make a cowboy hat," insists the millinery trade spokesman Champion. "There is no limit to the price range. The world has gone crazy for cowboy hats."

John Eason, retired from the United States public health service currently owns about ten hats, usually buying a new one each season. "I've always worn them because I'm bald," he said, revealing his shiny head as he tipped his hat and walked on.



Keeping cool under their hats are, from left: Marzetta Young, Helga Orfila and Bonnie Dillard; photos by Craig Herndon—The Washington Post



Miss Manners

By Judith Martin

California Is Not a Joking Matter

NOW AND THEN, Miss Manners is given to bragging that she never, ever commits a rudeness—cheerfully undaunted by the fact that bragging itself is rude. But today it is an error of her own, caught by alert and sensitive readers, that prompts her usual la-

ment over what the human race has come to, now that we have scared all the horses off the streets.

The crime of which Miss Manners is guilty is called, by one correspondent, "placism." She made joking references to geographical places of great dignity. Her excuse for making a joke about California is that she didn't know it was a real place; and as for North Dakota, why, her dear father had strictly taught her that it was in bad taste to joke about Fargo, as so many people do, but that Grand Forks, where he had once lived, was fair game. These are poor excuses and she apologizes.

Now, having established her credentials, she would like to set guidelines for others about using places, names, nationalities, age groups, genders, races and individuals as objects of ridicule.

The only truly safe and proper subject for a joke is oneself. Many a person who thought this privilege extended to his or her spouse, parent or child, has lived—but not very long—to find otherwise.

It applies to your name, hometown, nationality and so on, but only if this

See MANNERS, F11, Col. 1

Let's Replay 'Who Will Be the Veep'

By Art Buchwald

NEW YORK—Well, we thought it would never come—the 1980 Democratic National Convention. The big question is: How do the Democrats top the suspense and thrills of the Republican Convention in Detroit?

I believe I have a scenario that would do it.

We're into the third day of the convention in Madison Square Garden. Every Carter and Kennedy delegate has been interviewed four times.

We have heard from every Democratic mayor and governor in the country. But what do we do on Wednesday night?

Here is my plan. Teddy Kennedy appears on Walter Cronkite's show at 7:30. Walter says, "Senator, would you consider being President Carter's vice presidential candidate if it was offered to you?"

Teddy says, "I did not come here to be the vice president."

"But if President Carter said he wanted you to be his VP, would you take it?"

"Only under certain conditions."

President Carter and his staff are watching all this in their headquarters suite.

Ham Jordan says excitedly, "He sounds like he'll take it!"

Jody Powell says, "It's the ticket we've always dreamed of. We can't pass up the opportunity. Kennedy has actually committed himself on the Cronkite show. He can't go back on it now."

President Carter says, "Start the negotiations right away. Ham, call up the Kennedy people and tell them we're ready to deal."

Ham calls up the Kennedy suite. "Who is representing your side? You're kidding!" Ham holds his hand over the mouthpiece. "They say they want Henry Kissinger to act as their go-be-

tween. They're playing hard ball."

"We have no choice," Mr. Carter says. "Tell Kissinger to send up the demands."

In 10 minutes someone slips a piece of paper under the door. Ham reads it. "Teddy wants the large desk in the

Capitol Punishment

Oval Office, exclusive use of the Rose Garden, the title of commander in chief of the armed forces, power to make all cabinet appointments, as well as the right to select the next four Supreme Court justices."

"Can we do that legally?" President Carter says.

Jody says, "I'll check it out."

In the meantime Dan Rather has discovered that Teddy's Secret Servicemen are ejecting all members of the Mondale family from the VIP boxes. He tells Walter that this confirms a deal has been struck between Carter and Kennedy.

The Chicago Sun-Times comes out with a banner headline: "It's Carter and Kennedy." The entire Garden is in an uproar.

But behind the scenes there is still a lot of tough negotiating going on. Kissinger says that Teddy insists on using Camp David on weekends, and Carter can only fly in Air Force One when no one from the Kennedy family wants the plane.

All the demands seem reasonable as far as the Carter people are concerned. But then Kissinger throws one more in. He says that he wants to be secretary of State, Defense and the Treasury—all at the same time. The Carter people decide it's too much to give and they call up Cronkite to tell him the deal is off. The Mondale family members are permitted to take their seats in the VIP section again and one of the most exciting nights in American political history draws to a close.

© 1980, Los Angeles Times Syndicate